The Predatory Daughter

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He never stood a chance

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Just eighteen but hungry to experience life, she wanted a car. She didn't want to be trapped by public transport or relying on her parents. What to do? A smile grew quietly at the side of her mouth as a plan emerged before her.

Her father was a firm man, a disciplinarian without being harsh. He new the rules but he didn't enforce them mindlessly and she could normally wrap him round her little finger. She had broached the subject of a car with him several times, but annoyingly he seemed to do nothing but stubbornly deny her. Grrrr.

One thing she had noticed, or two if you want to be pedantic; her mother was cold towards him, and after she had developed, she had also noticed him glancing at her with something approaching longing and desperation. At first it had grossed her out, but in time the fact had amused her. She began to tease him occasionally, but nothing too rash. Leaning down accidently so he might get a glance at her cleavage, or lifting her legs in such a way as to allow him a brief glance of her panties.

Outside the home her father was a firm and decisive man but in the house he seemed somehow diminished by the conduct of his wife, and clearly he was receiving no physical relief. She wasn't that keen on the idea, but in the end what was a girl to do?

So it was that the three of them were sitting in three chairs spaced around the room. She and her mother were watching some drivel on the television, and her dad was trying to concentrate on his book. Looking deliberately absent minded, she raised her leg on the edge of her chair and left it there while she looked at the screen. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him sneaking glances at her. Shy glances. Hungry glances, and she allowed herself the trace of a smile.

When the programme finished she stayed to watch the news while her mother went upstairs to have a bath. Her dad seemed rooted to his chair and absorbed in his book. So it continued with her moving her leg back and forward in a distracted manner while paying lip service to the screen. At last she raised her other leg and rested her head on one knee. She could almost hear him gulping, and left

him there, allowing the heat and desire to flame him beyond endurance.

Finally, she turned and looked across the room, waiting till his eyes were on her panties and saying, "You love the view don't you, Daddy."

"Sorry," her father said, trying to sound composed.

"I said you loved the view. I've been watching you looking at me all night."

With that she rose, never taking her eyes off him. Through his thin running shorts she could see the bulge of his manhood. There was no hiding his excitement. Now she was by his chair and raising one leg on to his armrest. She leaned forward and held the back of his head. With the other hand she moved the side of her panties away from her pussy, drawing his head towards it as she did.

He gurgled, and even whimpered slightly, but otherwise seemed to have lost all free will. "Kiss it, Daddy," she said.

"Please don't do this, Sherry," he begged but his voice was without strength.

This was not a time for weakness. She pushed her pussy lips to his mouth and ordered him to lick her. His tongue pushed in her as the pent up hunger in him washed away all restraint. His tongue got more and more frenzied, but she restrained herself from getting too carried away. Control was everything.

At last she lowered her leg and let her foot trail along his cock, making him jump and shudder. "What kind of car are you getting me, Dad?" was all she said.

He raised his eyes to her, drunk with longing and surrender. The car was hers.